



TRURO LOG

DECEMBER 2011

TRURO COUNCIL ON AGING

WWW.TRURO-MA.GOV/COA



Sent to us by one of her daughters' this memoir was one of **B.J. Allen's** favorites, which she had written when she was 89 years of age.

We thought you would enjoy it!

Sandwich

Mother had always loved to travel. Ask her suddenly if she would like to visit Timbuktu and she would throw a change of underwear and a comb in her bag and be ready before you reached the door.

As soon as we moved to Manhattan and were reasonably settled in our fifth-floor walkup apartment, I called Mother to invite her for a visit, and got the expected response. At the time, she and Dad were living on their 120-acre retirement farm in upstate New York near Bath and it was immediately arranged that she would take the train down to the city early the next week. Dad was working at his part-time job on the selected day but as Mimi and her girls were visiting at the farm and were due to leave on that day she would drive Mother to the rail station in Bath before they started their trip back home in Pennsylvania. It was all completely scheduled and arrangements as thoroughly delineated as though the trip were to Timbuktu.

Mimi was the third child in the family and had always been the odd and quirky one but was always considerate and kind to Mother and Dad. On the morning of departure, Mimi offered to fix Mother some lunch to sustain her on the all-day trip. The suitcase was checked out and forced shut.

They got to the station in Bath in plenty of time. When The Phoebe Snow came puffing in, there were hugs and kisses, and just as the conductor helped Mother up the steps to the passenger car, Mimi handed her a brown paper lunch bag and thermos bottle and said goodbye.

Mother moved into the dingy car and selected a seat toward the rear and well separated from the three or four other travelers at the front.

Now, a word about The Phoebe Snow. One of the main railroads in lower New York state, The Delaware and Lackawanna, lovingly called the DL thereabouts, tried in the early part of the 20th century to upgrade their image for rail travel and so created a mythical icon, an immaculately dressed, white-gloved socialite whom they named Phoebe Snow. Very much like Betty Crocker. She was to project a positive image to advertise the change from bituminous coal as the steam engine's fuel, which produced clouds of dirty smoke and soot, to anthracite coal, a more efficient fuel. Phoebe even had an advertising ditty:

Says Phoebe Snow

About to go

Upon a trip to Buffalo

"My gown stays white

From morn til night

Upon the Road of Anthracite."

When she had selected her spot, Mother reversed the back of the seat in front of her, making a private area and placed on the facing seat her handbag, lunch and the latest Redbook magazine which had an intriguing new novelette she was dying to read. Then she looked

around. The Phoebe Snow may have been the latest thing when she was introduced, but she was now showing her age and the once-lush plush upholstery was faded and dingy from years of sooty smoke, and formerly polished wooden floors were now marred and darkened. Windows were carelessly washed and streaked on the outside with rain paths and bird contributions. The overall aroma in the car was a potpourri of soot, dust, years of body odor and eau de tobacco.

As the Phoebe slowly gained speed to its usual headlong pace of about 30 miles per hour, Mother heaved a contented sigh as she happily dredged up memories of her early married years, when she and Dad had lived in a boxcar on a railroad in Colorado.

Those had been idyllic, wonderful months. (continued)

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She had met her future husband by mail when they were both 17. He had enlisted in the army straight from high school graduation and was soon in France, a medical orderly. They had assigned him to that category because his father was a doctor! Mother picked his name-slip in a church drawing meant to connect eligible young women with pen-pals in the service. The connection truly worked in this instance. They had corresponded all through the war and married within a month of his return home.

Having had nothing but young-boy odd jobs in the past, he had no employment to return to or experience to offer. He heard of an opportunity offered by the federal government. In 1917, the federal government had nationalized all transportation for the duration the war, and upon the Armistice, decided to build railroad lines in certain undeveloped areas before returning the lines to private ownership. Dad was hired as an assistant supervisor of a railroad-building crew laying lines in Colorado. The job included housing. He and Mother occupied a boxcar home, with a cooking and heating stove, bunks, curtains and window boxes of geraniums. The next boxcar was Dad's office. For a month at a time, the couple lived out in the wilds, going to a metropolis of some sort once a month, when he was paid, where they spent two days viewing non-stop movies and shopping wildly in their fashion. This life went on for almost two years and Mother loved it and remember every detail.

Her present journey meandered on through lower New York toward Hoboken. The DL never hurried. It plodded, it sauntered, it went verrrry slowly at times. Sometimes it stopped in isolated places. At one time, when I was taking Mother's trip in reverse, the train stopped and backed up for about two miles to pick up a party that had arrived just too late at the last station we had passed.

Mother didn't care about speed: the trip was as pleasurable as the arrival. She loved viewing the world go by as she had only to sit and watch, even though the usual view from the rail line was the back-side of life. There were the garbage cans, trash heaps, untidy back yards, clotheslines, smoldering dump fires and loading docks behind the feed and grain stores. However, they were balanced by sudden glimpses of pearly-pink mountain laurel blossoms and the always-accompanying river side, which no railroad ever seemed to be without.

Around noon, she was beginning to have hunger pangs. After all, she had eaten very little breakfast in her rush to get ready. She put down her Redbook on the seat and opened the thermos bottle and poured a pungent cup of coffee, which she balanced on the gritty window ledge. Opening the lunch bag, she laid out the wax-paper wrapped sandwich and a tangerine on the napkin and noticed that Mimi had also added some freshly-baked cookies they had made with the little girls yesterday. What a peach that Mimi had grown to be! Mother hated to remember how she had sometimes despaired that she would ever grow up.

Lunch was now ready to be served. She picked up the large sandwich, wishing that Mimi had thought to cut it into halves. Mother bit into it and was surprised. Her teeth would not cut through it. She was very proud of her recently fitted dentures, but had never had this sort of problem. She bit into it more forcibly. Her teeth would not cut through. Mother glanced toward the other occupants of her car, but they were paying no attention. So she laid the offending sandwich down on the napkin and carefully pulled off the top slice of bread.

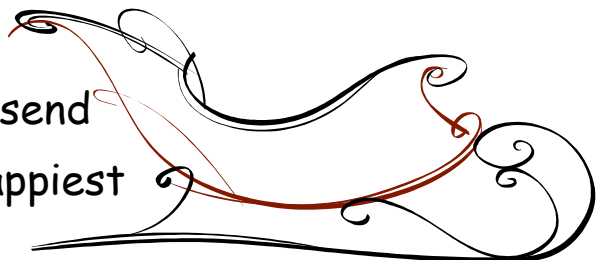
There, lying cozily on top the ham salad, was a thin piece of white cardboard. On it, in purple crayon, was printed

DON'T SPEAK TO ANY STRANGE MEN. YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'RE AFTER

The Phoebe Snow loafed along on its unhurried route to the final stop in the Beaux Arts terminal in Hoboken, ending a leisurely journey from Buffalo. The passengers were happy to have had an uneventful trip. As they rose to depart, several passengers glanced quickly at the lady in the rear of their car. She looked perfectly nice, but from time to time she was unable to stifle sudden bouts of giggling. Those with worldly experience wondered if that had really been coffee in that thermos. B.J. Allen



The COA Staff wishes to send
you their hopes for the happiest
& healthiest of Holidays.



My Thoughts

Having been here just shy of 3 years, I have seen quite a number of losses. In the past couple of months the COA has lost a significant number of clients, friends, people whose heart and soul lay with the COA and people who's life line was here.

I asked Hilde Oleson if she would mind if we used a piece of her poetry as a reminder or tribute to all of those whom we loved and lost. She came in to me with 2 specific pieces, and I couldn't decide.....they are both somehow, inspiring and comforting. DMS

Love Lasts

People bring flowers,
Friends bring hugs,
The clasp of a hand
Or a smile from the eyes
But there is no comfort.
Tears come unwanted
But sorrow does not wash away
Loss has its own deep cavern
Altho we enter we can not abide
For memories steal in unbidden
Remember the touch of a babies hand.
The warm snuggle against your neck,
The bandaging of broken knees,
The joy of the first public performance.
Gaduations to relish,
Joys that we shared
Now a trip to which we are not invited
But memory closes the door
and leaves us forever in it's debt
Remembering the joy and the sorrow
So glad that all this love was ours
To forever remain. Hilde Oleson

IN MEMORIAM

Henry Hopf
Ursula Silva
Lawrence Peters
Joe Roderick
Anita Gonsalves
John Monahan
Geraldine Wartenberg
Rossell Graham

Loss

I remember when I met you
I remember when I met the COA
Didn't want to do it.
How could I be so old I needed an
organization like this?
I slid in the back door.
I would be only a volunteer,
Certainly not a reciprocant
But it was so great to be warmly received,
So needed, so put to work.
Then I met you.
Such vital people,
So friendly, so vibrant.
You came up with wonderful ideas.
There are activities going on here
That are fun, inspiring.
People to enjoy, to learn from,
to befriend.
New ideas, old ideas, inspirations,
It seems people here, of like minds,
Wishes and hopes have joined forces
And together we forge a way of getting
through these days
Of managing illness, inspiring faint hopes,
Sustaining each other as the days slide past.
The joy of caring, the sustenance of sharing,
Each of you teaching so much, giving so
much,
the remembrances sweet and strong
That even as we part we find
Stronger than the sorrow of losses
Are the gains of the knowledge of love,
The gifts we have gotten and given,
The remembrance that lasts.

Hilde Oleson



*just when the
caterpillar
thought the
world was over,
it became
a butterfly*
-anonymous

INFORMATION CONCERNING THE TRURO LOG

We are changing the mailing list program.

The Truro Board of Directors has decided to try and decrease the mailing list in order to save on mailing costs. If you do not have a zip code beginning with "02", you are not in the Cape Cod area and will be taken off the mailing list unless you specifically inform us that you would like to continue to receive The Truro Log.

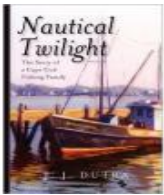
We will be going with the revised mailing list beginning in February, 2012.

Please remember you can find and read the Log on the web.

www.truro-ma.gov/coa

From this go to the left side of the web page and select Truro Log.

Use the drop down menu to select the month you would like to view. It will download as a PDF file which you can read on line or print, if you prefer.



Nautical Twilight: The Story of a Cape Cod Fishing Family

by: J.J. Dutra

The true life adventures of a Cape Cod commercial fisherman are described from a unique perspective. The realities of owning a boat, the humor within the characters, and a lifestyle that is disappearing from our coastal communities are represented in this Provincetown, Massachusetts family fishing memoir as the author highlights the sacrifices made in the name of sustainability and answers the question: where have all the fishing boats gone?

Judy will be reading from her book on **Tuesday, December 6th at 1:15**, following the luncheon at the COA.

MYSTERY BOOK CLUB

Friday, December 9

12:30

DEVICES & DESIRES

P. D. James



CAROLING

with TRURO CENTRAL SCHOOL

We will be gathering to sing along with the children of the Truro Central School on **Thursday, December 15th at 1 P.M.** There will be light refreshments and merriment to get us all in the Holiday spirit. Please come and enjoy!



Truro Hiking / Walking Group

Come and enjoy a guided walk with Bob Lowe, Club Coordinator. The distance and location vary each week, depending on the desires of the participants. This is a great opportunity to get some exercise, socialize with your neighbors, and enjoy the beautiful and remote settings that Truro offers. **Tuesdays at 11A.M.**

December 6

North Pamet Road

December 13

Pamet Harbor

December 20

Pine Grove Cemetery

December 27

Cold Storage Beach

Any questions concerning the hikes, please call Truro Recreation Department @ 508-487-1632.

**DECEMBER
COA CAFÉ**

TUESDAY 12:30

\$7.50

December 6

Lazy Lasagna
Green Salad
Garlic Bread

December 13

Chicken Piccata
Spinach-Orzo-Tomato Salad

December 20

Mexican Chicken Stew &
Quesadillas

December 27

Stuffed Roast Pork Loin
Butternut Squash
Green Salad



**John Carbone's
Friday at the Movies**

December 2

Phantom of the Opera (2004)

Gerard Butler & Emmy Rossum

December 9

Time Travelers Wife (2010)

Eric Bana & Rachel McAdams

December 16

Happy Feet (2006)

Elijah Wood & Brittany Murphy

December 30

Twister (1996)

Helen Hunt & Bill Paxton



Movie begins at 1:30

FREE POPCORN

Please call if you need any
further info 508-487-2462

****Note**** Movies subject to change
depending on availability

SOUPS ON!

Home made soup will, once again, be available
beginning Thursday, December 1st.

First Come —First Served



**Hyannis Shopping
Friday, December 16**

Meet at the Truro COA at **9A.M.**
Reservations a must. 508-487-2462



What is the PACE class?

The title PACE stands for “people with arthritis can exercise” but you don’t have to have arthritis to join! This class includes gentle strengthening, stretching, balance work, as well as breathing exercises. This gentle fitness program is ideal for people with general weakness and beginning exercisers, as well as people with arthritis. Participants are encouraged to work at their own pace and may choose to do part or all of the class sitting.

Learn how to exercise comfortably and have your questions answered by instructor Kathy Stetson, who is also an experienced physical therapist and exercise leader.

PACE is a free class! The class meets on **Thursdays from 12:30-1:30** in the COA Living Room. If you have questions, please feel free to call Kathy at 508-349-1014.

DECEMBER 2011



Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri
<p>Truro Central School Artists Opening Reception Sunday. December 4 2-4P.M.</p> <p><i>All are welcome</i></p>	<p>Happy Holidays</p>		<p>1 Men's Group 9-10 CORE 11-Noon PACE 12:30-1:30 Mahjongg 1-4 Foot Clinic (by appointment)</p>	<p>2 Strength Training 9-10 FREE Friday Movie 1:30</p>
<p>5 Strength Training 9-10 Memoirs 10:30-12:30</p>	<p>6 COA CAFÉ 12:30 Needlework 10-Noon Nautical Twilight Reading 1:15</p>	<p>7 Strength Training 9-10 Weight Loss 10a.m. Bereavement Support 1-2:30p.m. Cribbage 1:30</p>	<p>8 Men's Group 9-10 CORE 11-Noon PACE 12:30-1:30 Mahjongg 1-4</p>	<p>9 Strength Training 9-10 Mystery Book Club 12:30 FREE Friday Movie 1:30</p>
<p>12 Strength Training 9-10 Memoirs 10:30-12:30</p>	<p>13 COA CAFÉ 12:30 Needlework 10-Noon</p>	<p>14 Strength Training 9-10 Weight Loss 10-10:30 Cribbage 1:30 Legal Assistance (by appointment)</p>	<p>15 Men's Group 9-10 CORE 11-Noon PACE 12:30-1:30 Mahjongg 1-4 Caroling with TCS 1pm</p>	<p>16 Strength Training 9-10 FREE Friday Movie 1:30 Hyannis Shopping 9am Dr. Campo (by appointment)</p>
<p>19 Strength Training 9-10 Memoirs 10:30-12:30</p>	<p>20 Story Swap 11a.m. COA CAFÉ 12:30 Needlework 10-Noon</p>	<p>21 Strength Training 9-10 Weight Loss 10-10:30 Cribbage 1:30</p>	<p>22 Men's Group 9-10 CORE 11-Noon PACE 12:30-1:30 Mahjongg 1-4</p>	<p>23 Strength Training 9-10 FREE Friday Movie 1:30</p>
<p>26 COA closed</p>	<p>27 COA CAFÉ 12:30 Needlework 10-Noon</p>	<p>28 Strength Training 9-10 Weight Loss 10-10:30 Cribbage 1:30</p>	<p>29 Men's Group 9-10 CORE 11-Noon PACE 12:30-1:30</p>	<p>30 Strength Training 9-10 FREE Friday Movie 1:30</p>

COA GALLERY - DECEMBER

TRURO CENTRAL SCHOOL CHILDRENS' ART

The COA Gallery will be hosting the Truro Central School art students for the month of December.

Opening reception is

Sunday, December 4, 2-4P.M.

All are welcome.



Austin8437
grade4



Tess309
Grade K



Kevin5350
Grade 1



Simone147
Grade 3



Emeline13
Grade 2



Gordon37
Grade 5

KIM POSSEE

TRURO CENTRAL SCHOOL ART TEACHER

GRADES K-6

COA GALLERY - JANUARY

MASON MORFIT & FRIENDS

PHOTOGRAPHY



Opening reception is

Sunday, January 8, 2-4 P.M.

All are welcome.

TRURO COUNCIL ON AGING

P. O. BOX 500

TRURO, MA 02666

BULK RATE

U.S.

POSTAGE

PROVINCETOWN, MA

02657

PERMIT #1

CURRENT RESIDENT OR

TRAVEL

The Truro Council on Aging will be advertising trips that are offered through Funtastic Getaways. The organization is out of Falmouth, but they have a pick up for day trips as close as Patriot Square in Dennis. If you're interested in a particular trip, **call Funtastic Getaways directly for additional information and reservations toll free 866-518-6877**

Christmas with the Boston Pops Monday, December 19



There are many stirring traditions during the Christmas season, but none as magical as the Holiday Pops. For a few short weeks, historic Symphony Hall becomes a feast for the eyes and ears as **Keith Lockhart and the Boston Pops** perform the most beloved music of the holiday season. Take some time away from the wrapping and last-minute shopping to **celebrate the spirit of the season** with the Boston Pops. You'll hear performances of beloved carols, inspiring orchestral and choral masterpieces, unique Boston Pops arrangements of old favorites, and enjoy a sing along featuring Yuletide tunes everyone knows and loves. Enjoy time before the 4:00 PM show for **lunch and light shopping at the Prudential**

Center. Keith Lockhart is scheduled to conduct this concert, but, as always, his schedule is subject to change. We have **first balcony seating** at Symphony Hall. **\$ 99**

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Girard Smith, Acting Chair; Jeanne Foulke, Vice Chair; Girard Smith, Treasurer; Joan Moriarty, Secretary; Board Members: Stephen Currier, Lucie Grozier, Martha Ingram, Florence Johnson, Diane Rose.

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Staff: Susan Travers, Director; Donna Sutton, Assistant to COA Director; MaryEllen Duarte, Office Manager; Katherine Stillman, Outreach Coordinator & Log Editor; William Goodbody, Web Master, and Nancy Braun, Dennis Guiney, David Peterman and Chuck Zimmer, Van Drivers.

**COUNCIL ON AGING HOURS: 8:00 - 4 MONDAY - FRIDAY
OTHER HOURS POSSIBLE BY APPOINTMENT, 508-487-2462**

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